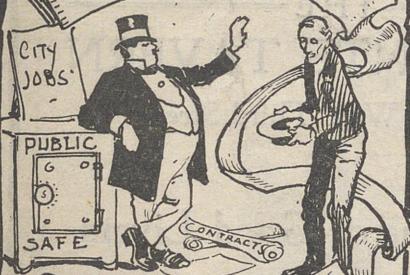


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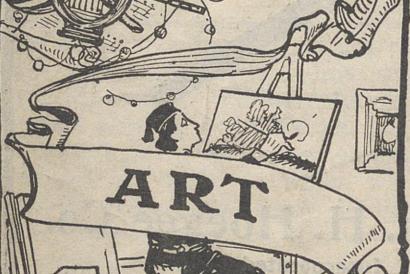
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From Cartoons and Caricatures
WILLIAM MULHOLLAND, Expert and Patriot

The above is a portrait, not a caricature, of the man in whom the people of Los Angeles are placing very great faith. William Mulholland is the man on whom already over 200,000 persons mainly depend for an adequate and wholesome water supply. He is also the Moses to whom we look to lead us out of the wilderness of any doubt as to the future of the water supply. He has undertaken to supply Los Angeles with sufficient water for a population of two millions. The people believe in "Bill" Mulholland. They know him to be an engineer of great experience, of such expert knowledge, indeed, as opportunity has vouchsafed to few, if any, other engineers in the world. For thirteen years he has borne great responsibilities and borne them to suc-

cess. The people know him as a man of his word—plain-spoken, big-hearted, efficient and very faithful. Those who know him best know that it is the ambition of his life to serve Los Angeles to the best advantage. Patriots are rare these days. Because we know that William Mulholland is both an expert and a patriot, we are confident that the Owens River plan will be realized and are content that even so large a sum as \$23,000,000 should be spent on his advice and under his superintendence. There are many other good reasons for the confidence of every taxpayer who has studied the situation and the project, and why the first issue of bonds, to the amount of \$1,500,000, to take up the options on the Owens River property, should be voted by the people.

Matters of Moment

The Peace of Portsmouth

Just as the press and the diplomats of the world were deplored what seemed to be the inevitable result of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth, N. H., the glad news was flashed that, after all, Witte's obstinacy was rewarded and Japan had acceded to the Russian exceptions. The conference met in session August 9 and peace was agreed upon August 29. Japan's surrender of important clauses has surprised two continents and will cause some chagrin among the Japanese, but in reality it is a triumph for both nations and a triumph for humanity, in which our own President has played no small part.

War, like all great human affairs, hinges mainly on finance, and it was financial reason that caused Japan to forego certain conditions that she seemed entitled to and on which she insisted up to the last moment. Japan's credit, great as it has grown, has been sorely strained, and even her liabilities already incurred will involve the closest husbanding of the national treasury. Russia's financial resources were by no means exhausted and she could have continued the war for another two or three years.

Meanwhile the heart of every true man rejoices that the monstrous slaughter has ceased, and every American is justly proud of the fact that President Roosevelt paved the way for that peace.

Truth the Only Weapon

Revolt against the misrule of Arthur A. Hay and Thomas D. Fennessy, the stupid "leaders" of the local Typographical Union, is at last assuming a definite and public form. A year or so ago the **Graphic** told of the strong feeling among union printers in Los Angeles against the silly tactics of lies and wastefulness pursued by Hay and Fennessy in their campaign against the Times. At that time there was a strong minority report, signed by some seventy printers, against further assessment upon their hard-earned wages to furnish Arthur A. Hay with clothes, food and cigars, under the pretense that he was "downing" the Times..

The writer has been a constant reader of the International Typographical Journal for a number of years. Its Los Angeles correspondence, signed usually by Francis Drake or Arthur A. Hay, has been consistently a tissue of lying misrepresentations, designed, of course, to encourage printers to perpetuate their contributions to Mr. Hay's support and "downing" the Times. "Obtaining money under false pretences" is a statutory crime, but the union printers of Los Angeles for many years have stood godfathers for this idle and senseless fund.

At last, a union printer, Fred Blech, has had the courage of his convictions and those of scores of his co-workers, and in an open letter addressed to the I. T. U. has told the truth, believing that "for the good of the union printers all over the country it is time for a union man to protest."

As is well known, the **Graphic** has no love for the Times, nor has it any respect for its vilification and mad vengeance against all union labor. But we do believe that all causes are served best and served only by the Truth. We know how unjust, on the part of the printers, was the original quarrel with

the Times, and we know how contemptible were their subsequent tactics and how cowardly was the action of the other papers of this city in the months that succeeded the crisis. We know, too, that Gen. Otis would rather see every union printer in purgatory than ever restore them to his bosom.

There are, nevertheless, rights and wrongs in this fifteen years' feud between the Times and the Typographical Union. Not the least of these wrongs has been the muleting of every union printer in the country a monthly sum to pay for the silly maneuvers of Messrs. Hay, Fennessy et al. "We have," says Mr. Blech, "paid thousands of dollars to this 'war fund' that have been literally thrown away, squandered by stupid, senseless, and in some instances, by dishonest leaders." This single extract from Mr. Blech's letter tells the whole story.

The Times, though an adept at lying itself, will never be injured by the lies of others. Its greatest danger lies in its overwhelming arrogance and its owners' greed for gold. It has prospered under the silly assaults of the lying leaders of the Typographical Union. If they still hope to undermine it, let them turn to Truth.

Hearing Himself Talk

The Examiner condemns—editorially—the plan to bring the waters of the Owens river valley to Los Angeles by means of a conduit system, criticising severely the alleged "lack of engineering ability or skill" displayed in the plans presented. It declares the conduit scheme to be impracticable and visionary.

On whose authority does Mr. Henry Loewenthal base this charge? Are his criticisms backed by the known judgment of "engineers of international reputation," or are they merely the mouthings of Loewenthal? What does this wonderful editor know about engineering? Careful reading of the Examiner's editorial policy in connection with the Owens river valley project will convince any intelligent, fair-minded citizen that it is composed of the vaporings of a "Know-it-all" who loves more than anything else to Hear Himself Talk.

Stepping Backward

Straight-front corsets are going out. At least so the dressmakers have decreed, and their usually stupid and time-serving word is law, says Norman Hapgood in Collier's Weekly. The round kind, whatever they be called, that crush all the organs into the space of one, are to be restored, to give variety to the female form and work to the profession which flourishes by making new garments while the old are still as good as new. Modern male dress is ugly and hygienic. Modern European and American female apparel substitutes an artificial idea of beauty for one which was good enough for Phidias. In place of a covering which respected the functions and needs of a healthy human animal, our women have invented a cage to decrease their vitality and make a natural life difficult and rare. Sheep rush madly about a pasture, not in search of any comprehensible ideal, but because one sheep started, and emotion increases with each sheep that joins. Likewise reasonable is the tendency of women to imitate an hour-glass in despite of nature. The straight-front corset has been perfectly satisfactory to her, and she has no idea why she is about to give it up.

The Sweden-Norway Situation

By Count Axel R. Wachtmeister

(From a letter addressed to John W. Mitchell, Esq., of Los Angeles.)

You ask me how I like losing Norway, and I must say that the general opinion is that we are glad to be rid of the union. Norway has never been anything but a source of trouble to Sweden, and we have never had any material benefit from the union, but the benefit has all been on the side of Norway, they having the protection of the stronger country.

The real trouble has been that the ministry of foreign affairs has always been in the hands of a Swede, simply because we could never tolerate that a Norwegian should direct the foreign policy of Sweden, as with the turbulent and irresponsible temper of Norwegians this would have been a national danger to Sweden. But it can be shown that our policy has always looked to the interests of Norway, and in fact the most important posts in the consular service were held by Norwegians (for instance in San Francisco). Nevertheless we were negotiating for a compromise so that a Norwegian should hold the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, when the Norwegians suddenly broke off the negotiations and declared themselves independent, showing that they never meant anything else.

The general feeling in Sweden is one of relief, but at the same time we must render ourselves immune from sudden attacks from Norway. The fact is that the Norwegians have been erecting a number of forts against the border of Sweden, first secretly, then openly, and it was only the hesitation and bad policy of the King that prevented us from forcing the Norwegians to discontinue building these forts. There are no forts on the Swedish side, and we have never dreamed of attacking Norway, which is a country very much like Switzerland with mountains as natural forts. No, these forts were political, put up to please the people and insure the result of elec-

tions. Now the Swedish parliament has met and resolved that in case the forts are not pulled down they will have to be, and then there will be war. It is impossible to tell what is going to happen.

My idea is that the Norwegians will bluff as long as they can, but if we begin to mobilize and send our fleet to blockade the Norwegian ports, they will give in at once, because they have no money, and I am told cannot raise a loan abroad, as their securities are not good enough. But I hope it will not come to that as I believe the majority of Norwegians are against war and would rather pull down their forts, which constitute a real danger to Sweden. In case of war with Russia for instance, Norway might attack us from behind.

We have now a very strong government, which was elected this month (August). Our prime minister is Lundeberg, who is considered a read statesman, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs is my cousin, Frederick Wachtmeister, who is considered one of the ablest men in the country. The Minister of War, Tingster, and for the Navy, Lindman, are also first-class men. We are now awaiting the result of the general ballot in Norway, which will, of course, ratify the act of the Norwegian government of the dissolution of the union. After that comes the question of the forts and then the real trouble will begin.

Meanwhile orders have been given to all Swedish officers to hold themselves ready in case a sudden mobilization is needed, and all army stores, clothes, etc., are being replenished. I should not be called out unless the Norwegians came into Sweden, as I belong to the "landstorm," the last contingent of men between 35 and 45 years of age. But I don't think it will ever come to that. When we have our great tussle with Russia I may have to go out, but Russia at present is "out of sight."

Theophilus Dingbat's Meanderings

"When do I love you best, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns, when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest love,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons, when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?"

"Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom."

I love to make a friendly call on my books of a Sunday afternoon, going from case to case, pushing in a volume here, pulling one out a little there, and "ever and anon," as the romancers of a generation ago used to say, taking one from the shelves for a little one-sided conversation. Occasionally the dust flies from a book—a cloud of reproach for having been neglected so long. Nay, it is not the fault of the housemaid, for books are books and housemaids are but housemaids. Once in a while—not often, praise be—there is a removal or a spring house

cleaning or something of the sort; and then I find all sorts of strange jumbles and juxtapositions, and listen to a many-keyed storm of protest from indignant volumes which have been misplaced or think they have, which amounts to the same thing. One of the worst sixty seconds I ever spent was when I picked up a volume of "The World Beautiful in Books" that the presiding genius of house-cleaning had thoughtlessly placed beside a copy of "The Story of Mary MacLane"! Thus quoth "The World Beautiful," a' naming no names: "There are books as devoid of interest as they are of intelligence, that have absolutely no claim to exist at all, that are stupid and vapid and vitiating, and should only be handled with tongs and find their destiny in the furnace fire."

And thus "Mary MacLane": "Intellectual people are detestable. They have pale faces and bad stomachs and bad livers. * * * And above all, they never fall in love with the Devil."

That is what they said for publication, but what they said in private wouldn't look well in print. I hastily placed them in separate book-cases and passed on.

After paying my respects to my library collectively, I decide to while away an hour or two with reading. Eugene Field, in that most delightful of his prose works, "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," discourses in charming fashion on "The Luxury of Reading in Bed." After a proper introduction he says: "So I piled at least twenty chosen volumes on the table at the head of my bed, and I dare say it was near daylight when I fell asleep."

And so of a Sunday afternoon I draw up the most comfortable rocker in commission, drag out the footstool, and with certain "chosen volumes" prepare for a while of enjoyment. For there is not the greatest pleasure in selecting one volume and reading it. It were better still to have several—nay, "at least twenty," convenient to the reach—in your lap, in the curved recess of your spine, on the floor, anywhere so that there shall be the minimum of effort required to reach them.

There will be Shakespeare, of course, and Gibbon's

Rome, and a few scattering volumes of the Standard English Poets, not forgetting Josephus, and Spark's "Life of Washington," and "Paradise Lost." Further, just by way of lightening the load, I put in the faithful "Library of Poetry and Song," "The Red Republic" and "Treasure Island," together with the latest Most Popular Novel from the Library.

So with a lingering glance at the rows of faithful friends who have not been invited to the feast, I sit me down and prepare to read—Gibbon, Josephus, "Paradise Lost," or the Most Popular Novel? I decline to answer; but scarcely has one page been turned to meet another, when the comfortable pillow—or something or other—at the back of the chair seeks the rear part of my head; the sounds of the street seem faint and far away—what's that? "Wake up?" "Dinner is nearly ready?"

Well, well; I must have fallen asleep. But I had a fine time reading; and, anyhow, it was very warm last Sunday afternoon.

"Dead--Not Delivered"

By Jessie L. Edmundson

Meeting the letter-carriers as they leave the post-office with their bulky sacks crowded with letters, one must wonder how they can distribute each and every one to its proper owner; but, bless you! they go further than that. After they have been on a route for a while they can tell much more about a family than they ever do. They know if one of the children is away, if visitors are coming, if any of the relatives are dead and many other things hardly known to the nearest neighbor. An envelope is nothing but an envelope to you. You may criticise the handwriting and the orthography, but beyond that you care nothing. To the letter carrier it is a book. He knows when father and mother are coming—where a truant boy is—whether the family is respected or not—and Sarah's boy can not blind the carrier by getting some one else to direct the envelope. One day one of the oldest carriers had a letter left over after he had gone his usual round. It was directed to a woman living in a little old house standing back from the street, and as he studied the address he said to himself that he had never had an epistle for her before in all the six or seven years he had been on that route. The postmark was that of an office in the East, and the carrier mused to himself:

"This is from her son, and she will be crying before I am out of sight."

He delivered the letter to a white-faced woman of sixty, who seemed to be living there all alone, and she looked surprised as he placed it in her hands.

"A letter for me—I haven't a relative on earth!" she gasped. But he left it for her.

In about three weeks a second letter came, and the old lady opened the door before the carrier was inside the gate. She did not say it was from her son, but the carrier knew for all that, and he hoped that the truant boy had settled down for life, and was writing cheerful words and sending aid to his poor old mother. Regularly every three weeks, for half a year or more, there came a fat-looking letter for the old woman in the little cabin; and if the letter was a day late her white face at the window reproached the carrier more than words could have done. If it was a day earlier she was at the door to

meet him, knowing his step from all others which passed that way.

The other day, when the carrier found the buff envelope, directed in the old, familiar, cramped hand, he said to himself:

"I will hurry around today, for the last time I saw her she seemed ill and weak, and the letter will give her new strength."

He opened the gate with a bang to give her warning, but no white face appeared at the window, and no hand raised the door-latch. The carrier knocked on the door for the first time, and after a moment a woman opened the door and said:

"She is dead, and hasn't a relative in the city."

Among the letters to go to the Dead-Letter Office next week will be one across whose face is written whole chapters in three words: "Dead—Not Delivered." An old woman has passed away—a cottage is deserted—a letter returned. The world will see nothing in these simple facts, but yet in them is contained all the sentiment God has ever given to any human heart.

For the Baba's Breakfast.

When I was at Ocean Park last week I called at the tent of Baba Bharati, the Hindoo Gooroo who is teaching esoteric Buddhism to Venetian aspirants and who was recently promoted by Van Loan in the Examiner. It seems that the Baba is accompanied by a Boston woman who told a friend of mine, "When the Baba left Boston we were all afraid that he would come to harm for he is an unworldly man. I told my husband about it and that I wanted to come with him and see that he had the proper food. You know the Baba only eats cereals for breakfast, and curry and rice for dinner, but it has to be properly prepared and I was the only one who knew how to make his dishes suitably. I have done this work for him, and feel well repaid by the mental stimulus that I have enjoyed." The Baba is a good man, we will let it go at that, but any man who will allow his female relatives to become infatuated with the blessed work of cooking for him, is not a wise man—to put it mildly.

By The Way

Loewenthal Growling.

Mr. Henry Loewenthal, in the Examiner, is keeping up a desultory fight against the Owens River project, but the odds are great that when the voters of Los Angeles have a chance to express their opinion on the matter, they will decide to accept the verdict of the water board and its engineers by a vote of ten to one, rather than be guided by the wisdom of Mr. Loewenthal and Councilman Houghton. One of Mr. Loewenthal's standard arguments against the project is that the men who are interested in the 16,000 acre ranch of the Porter Land and Water Company may make some money because the Owens River project is in a fair way to be carried through. Considering the perseverance with which Mr. Loewenthal is reiterating this statement, it is only fair and right that the truth of the Porter land deal should be known.

Sartori's Deal.

About two years ago, long before any one seriously considered the Owens River plan, except perhaps Fred Eaton, Joseph F. Sartori interested William G. Kerckhoff in the idea of buying the Porter Company's property. ONE OF THE CHIEF REASONS THAT ACTUATED SARTORI IN URGING THIS SCHEME WAS THAT THE PORTER RANCH HAS PLENTY OF WATER OF ITS OWN. Sartori says that he had never heard of the Owens River—did not know that such a river existed—until he read of the water proposition in Los Angeles papers sent to him while he was in Europe. Kerckhoff and Sartori secured an option on the property, the total cost to be \$550,000. Then they interested Henry E. Huntington and L. C. Brand. It was Brand who induced General Otis to go in, and E. T. Earl as well. One of their best arguments in favor of buying the land was that it HAD WATER IN PLENTY OF ITS OWN. Whether the Owens River canal is built or not, there will be no question of the soundness of the Sartori purchase. Mr. Sartori said early this week that he and his associates would sell out today for \$750,000, or \$200,000 more than they paid for the property: "And that's a less rate of profit than if we had put \$550,000 in inside Los Angeles property two years ago and let it lie." The Porter land syndicate will make money if the Owens River canal is built and so will every other property owner in Los Angeles city and county. But the truth about the matter is given merely to show what sort of a citizen Mr. Henry Loewenthal is and to what he will stoop in an effort to "get even."

Absentee Ownership.

I wish Mr. Hearst were in Los Angeles for about ten days, so that he might have the calibre and attainments of Mr. Loewenthal closely fixed in his mind. This community wants water, Mr. Hearst, and it wants it so badly, that it is not in the mood to educate every fresh editor you send out here as to the necessities of the case. I am told that the chief recommendation that Mr. Loewenthal has with you is that he sends back about the best financial statements that have reached you from Los Angeles.

There is no misunderstanding of the water situation anywhere in Southern California except in the mind of the business manager and writer of the Los Angeles Examiner. Water is the life blood of this section of the state; the proposition of bringing it here has been submitted to the best local authorities on irrigation engineering, and they are the best obtainable in America. The plan is believed to be tied up because one of your new men, who scarcely has had time to become imbued with the aims and ambitions of Southern California, is not satisfied? You, Mr. Hearst, have inveighed time and again against "absentee ownership" of, say, Irish lands. The British landlord who lives in England and grinds rent from Ireland, appals your young soul and makes your heart bleed—on paper. Don't you think that the absentee ownership of newspapers has its drawbacks to a community?

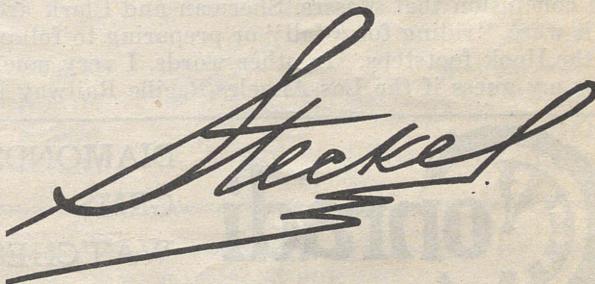
An Important Question.

The accident to the Hollywood car of the Los Angeles Pacific Railway last Tuesday morning was lamentable enough in itself, but it is more lamentable to have to record that precisely similar accidents are to be expected unless there is some radical and prompt change in the rolling stock of Messrs. Sherman and Clark's railway. Both Gen. Sherman and Mr. Clark are very good friends of mine and for many years I have admired their pluck and enterprise in battling against odds that seemed almost overwhelming. But the question now is whether Messrs. Sherman and Clark are playing fair with the public and before an answer can be given, it is instructive to review the past history and present conditions of the Los Angeles-Pacific Company.

Some Antecedent History.

Gen. Sherman and the late Collis P. Huntington were very firm friends. Among the elder Huntington's many virtues, for few of which was he given any credit in his lifetime, was his loyalty and generosity to his friends. When Mr. Huntington acquired the Los Angeles Railway, to which Gen. Sherman had in some measure been responsible in calling his attention, the General was fearful lest the Huntington interests might some day conflict with the Sherman and Clark enterprises for which

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he and his partner had struggled so hard. "Uncle Collis" told his friend that as long as he lived he need have no anxiety on that account. These assurances, I understand, were renewed by Mr. H. E. Huntington, when he came into command and very soon afterwards commenced to plan inter-urban railways of great proportions. "H. E." shared his uncle's liking for Sherman and has done him many a good turn. But "business is business" and with the extraordinary development of this section of the country the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway's resources were barely able to keep pace. Messrs. Sherman and Clark were enjoying certain privileges which in time were bound to conflict and did conflict with the interests of Mr. Huntington's railways. As an instance I may cite the fact that the Santa Monica cars were allowed almost unlimited license over the tracks of the Los Angeles railway. Eventually these privileges were cut down so that the Santa Monica cars were unable to proceed further than the Plaza, and after some time they were further shortened by being compelled to make their terminus at Fourth and Broadway. The next move in this very interesting game in which friendship and business were perpetually colliding was that Mr. Huntington—again, as I understand it, as a friendly obligation—purchased a considerable block of the Los Angeles-Pacific Company's bonds. Still Mr. Huntington seems to have had no idea of encroaching on Messrs. Sherman and Clark's property as long as they were able to cope with the situation and provide adequate transportation. Gen. Sherman still holds practically all the first bonds and he delights in boosting them up at the top of the market, even at a higher figure than those of any of the Huntington railways.

Riding for a Fall?

Now, while giving all due credit to Messrs. Sherman and Clark, any observer of the transportation facilities between Los Angeles and Santa Monica and other beach towns, taking into consideration the very high fare charged, must admit that the service is of a very different character from that to which the people of Los Angeles have become accustomed on the Huntington lines. It is true that many new cars have been put on this season, and that the roadbed of several of the Sherman-Clark lines has been improved. It is also true that the last two or three years the Los Angeles-Pacific has been making a very great amount of money. The statements of the last few months would astonish you. But it is also true that much of the rolling stock is today in a deplorable condition and one cannot help reaching the conclusion that Messrs. Sherman and Clark are, as it were, "riding for a fall" or preparing to follow in the Hook footsteps. In other words, I very much miss my guess if the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway is

not destined soon to become the property of Mr. Huntington and his associates. I am glad to say that there is little doubt that Messrs. Sherman and Clark will come out of the deal very handsomely.

The Public's Interest.

In the meantime, where does the public come in? Are we to be subject to the possibility of a repetition of last Tuesday's accident? On the best of authority I am told that the car that came to grief last Tuesday is by no means the only car used by the Los Angeles-Pacific which is equipped with brakes that cannot be relied upon. I am quite aware that this is a serious charge to bring, but I would not bring it without the best of evidence. What protection has the public in this regard? Do we have any public inspector of the rolling stock and the track of the electric transportation companies? Are the public authorities awake to the fact that somebody should be held responsible for such an accident as that of last Tuesday? The coroner's verdict in such cases has grown to be a stereotyped formula, and a tragedy of this kind is forgotten next day except by the relatives of those who have been killed or injured. We still hold life altogether too cheaply in the West. There are countries in which such an accident could not occur without somebody being promptly indicted for manslaughter—and that "somebody" would not necessarily be the motorman.

H. E.'s Friendship.

As one illustration of the many instances I know of how H. E. Huntington takes care of his friends, I may recount the fact that when he had settled on the Sixth and Main street corner as the site for his magnificent building, he let General Sherman into the secret. That splendid building, by the way, should be a monument to Epes Randolph, for the whole structure was the fruit of Randolph's creative brain. As a matter of fact, few people realize how much this community is indebted to Randolph in that it was he who first inspired Mr. Huntington with the big schemes of interurban lines which have been and are being carried out with such splendid effect. But to return to the story of Sherman's "tip." Sherman persuaded Huntington to postpone the announcement of his selection of the building site for a few days. He then sought E. T. Earl and went into a partnership with him to secure Main street property on which I understand, they have since realized a net return of something like \$400,000.

Chaos in the Library.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis completed his first month as Public Librarian yesterday, and already he has succeeded in turning the institution upside down. This is the more remarkable in that Mr. Lummis has not been inside the Library more than an average of three and a half hours per diem. He agreed to devote seven hours a day to the Library—how generous of him!—and I presume he will only apply for half of his salary for the month of August. When I say that Lummis has turned everything upside down I mean that he has disorganized an excellent organization, and his own troubles have not yet begun. Miss Gleason, the first assistant librarian, has put in seventeen years' admirable service in the Library and knows the institution from top to toe. To Miss Gleason has been delegated for many years the duty of making out the schedule of the work of the

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women were assigned to work for which their natural talents and training specially equipped them. Librarian Lummis at once saw fit to change the schedule and instead of retaining Miss Gleason for this accustomed work he handed over the task to Miss Nora E. Miller, Director Dockweiler's chief lieutenant and the principal trouble-maker inside the library for the last five years. Miss Miller's new schedule was a fearful and wonderful instrument, and in a very few days had irritated and aggravated the staff almost beyond endurance. Miss Miller, pursuing the same tactics as her mentor, Mr. Dockweiler, was anxious to reward her friends and punish her enemies. But a schedule for the work of half a hundred library employes is a very intricate task, and the Miller-Lummis schedule so disarranged the previous order that some girls were assigned to work of twelve hours a day while others had less than the seven hours duty prescribed by Lummis for himself, at \$250 a month. Others had no lunch hour arranged for them, and so forth. Mr. Lummis in attempting to ignore Miss Gleason's experience was simply trying to ride a bicycle without the handle-bars. To one of the branches, in which it is essential that as few changes should be made as possible, three different young women have been assigned in two weeks. There is of course conflict between Miss Gleason and Miss Miller. To the latter Mr. Lummis has delegated the authority, while the former has the responsibility. Realizing what a muddle he had made of it, Lummis appealed to Miss Gleason to carry out Miss Miller's schedule! Such chaos reigns that the young women do not know from day to day what they are to do and those who have been trained to special duties are supplanted by those who have had no experience whatever. This is especially so in the reference and cataloguing works. Librarian Lummis apparently does not know the difference between a shelf-list and a catalogue; he certainly confused a catalogue with a bibliography in his criticism of his predecessor's work.

Why Women Are Angry.

It is safe to assert that there is more knowledge in Miss Gleason's little finger about library work than in the whole of Lummis's Big Head. Miss Gleason has served the City faithfully and well for seventeen years. She is drawing a salary of \$100 a month. Lummis is a tyro in library matters, not a practical man, to say nothing of his extraordinary eccentricities. But because he was expected to serve Dockweiler's purpose and because it was hoped that the glamor of his literary achievements and his outré self-advertisement would overshadow the unjust dismissal of Miss Jones, he was appointed Librarian, and at a salary of \$250 a month. And yet Mr. Lummis has had the impudence to pretend that it is not a sex question. No wonder the women, and all lovers of fair play, are angry.

Meanwhile I wish to ask the authorities why it is that Mr. Lummis was required to file a bond for

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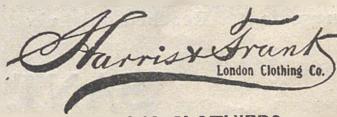
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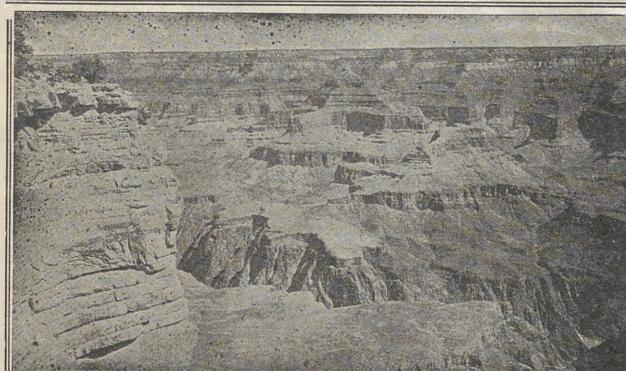
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\$1000 only, while his predecessors, Mrs. Wadleigh and Miss Jones, were required to file bonds of \$2000 each. And this, despite the fact that the income of the Library has doubled in the last few years.

Dewey's Resignation.

Mr. Lummis or his agents succeeded in getting the daily papers to publish various "squibs" concerning Melvil Dewey's being "fired" from the New York State Library, alleging also that he had "butted in" on the local library controversy during his visit here in July. Mr. Dewey did not "butt in." A reception was given to Dewey and other visiting librarians, into which reception Mr. Lummis's "butting in" was conspicuous. As a matter of fact, Dewey announced his forthcoming resignation while the librarians were in convention at Portland. Dewey's resignation was caused by his attachment to civil service and by the jealous ambitions of politicians whose assaults upon the Albany institution he had so long successfully withstood. Gloat all you will, Mr. Lummis. There will be others, soon.

A Lummisian Regulation.

The Lummis reign of "Scholarship" is likely to be pregnant with many absurdities if the public suffers his librarianship for long. I have previously shown what a very poor scholar he is and that narrowness of vision which obfuscates scholarship is already evidenced by his forgetfulness that a Public Library is just what it spells and not a reference museum for specialists. His latest most preposterous promulgation was dated last Monday, August 28, making it impossible for any patron of the Public Library to see a current copy of any of the local daily papers on file in the Library until all such papers shall have been bound. One of the common everyday conveniences that the Library is supposed to supply to the taxpayer is that he shall be able to see the daily papers there. But Lummis, once a newspaperman, hates newspapers unless they happen to minister to his adulation. I shall be very much surprised if such a ridiculous and characteristically Lummisian regulation is allowed to stand.

Hammel's Burden.

William A. Hammel retired from the office of Chief of Police this week a bigger man than when he accepted the position eighteen months ago. That in itself is a record. Hammel has refused to make public the reasons for his resignation, but by this time they should be well understood at least by the readers of the Graphic. Two weeks ago I gave specific instances of Mayor McAleer's miserable and petty interference in the police department, hampering the Chief by his insistence in reducing efficient officers from posts which they filled well, for no other reason than they adorned the Mayor's list of policemen who had voted or used their influence for ex-Mayor Snyder's re-election. Can you imagine a more pitifully picayunish picture than that of the Mayor of Los Angeles carrying around a list of the city's servants who he had reason to believe opposed his election, and employing secret agents to dog their footsteps to secure "evidence" against some of them and insisting on reducing others without even a reasonable pretext. What precious small potatoes is this our Mayor and what a pitifully abject spectacle does he present when his petty little tricks

are exposed! And because of Owen McAleer's microscopic machinations we have lost the best chief of police Los Angeles has ever had. "Billy" Hammel was simply true to himself and to his friends when he determined that to kick any longer against the pricks must result in the loss of his self-respect. And as if the intolerable ambition of Mayor McAleer to run the police department to suit himself were not enough, Hammel's burden was aggravated by the high falutin and impossible "reform" ideas of Police Commissioner O. T. Johnson, whose record of serving drinks in the Westminster Hotel for many years without a license proves his respect for the law, and the misguided but benevolent intentions of Police Commissioner Mason. With a certain small cunning, inherent in the petty politician, the Mayor has kept the balance of power on the commission by playing Johnson and Mason against Lee Gates and Frank James and vice versa as it served his purpose. To "reorganize" the department for his own little schemes and against Chief Hammel's wishes and against the good of the service, the Mayor needed Johnson's and Mason's votes, Lee Gates strenuously opposing undue interference and insisting that Hammel must be Chief in fact as well as in name, and Frank James generally supporting Gates. While on the other hand, the Mayor needed the votes of Gates and James to prevent Johnson and Mason carrying out their impossible ideas of "reform" beyond, at least, ridiculous regulations such as that which forbids a man to take a drink sitting down but allows him to take it standing. If Mr. O. T. Johnson could have had his way, no doubt a regulation would have been enforced insisting that men could only be served with drinks on their knees—or at the Westminster Hotel! What a comedy of errors one might write on these amateur sleuths and their tyro attempts to "run" everything strictly on the funny little lines of their funny little minds. Hammel, who knew his business, must have felt like a Gulliver among the Lilliputians, but because he would not consent to be made a Lilliputian at the feet of such Gullivers—he resigned. Voila tout.

Hammel's Record.

And what is Chief Hammel's record? Dead men tell no tales, but the late "Col." F. D. Black could at any time before his death have told you that the immunity which he had so long enjoyed under former administrations was peremptorily cut off as soon as Will Hammel was in command at First and Broadway. Black's was not the only "game" that flourished and fleeced "suckers" before the Hammel regime. There were a dozen of them. If you could spot a single game that demanded police interference and didn't get it, as long as Hammel held the police reins, you deserve a place on the detective force, provided, of course, you are not a "Snyder Republican." For years Chinatown had paid its monthly tribute to—someone. There was no tribute to anyone while Hammel was chief, and while it is impossible to stamp out fan-tan in Chinatown, the Chinese knew that as long as Hammel was chief, they could not run their games without the greatest precautions and that no "fund" was of avail. That most difficult of all police questions politely termed "the social evil" was handled sanely and honestly by Chief Hammel. The unfortunate women realized from the first that the Chief's "dead-line" must be observed, that they must cause no public nuisance, and

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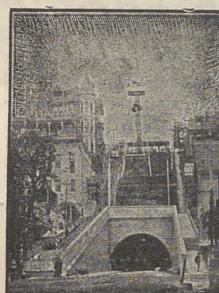


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that the long reign of subsidies and the tyranny of the macqueraux were at an end. Furthermore, the crime record, despite the enormous increase in population, diminished during Hammel's incumbency, there was no long succession of undetected hold-ups and other outrages against the peace and safety of the community.

I am only giving William A. Hammel his due when I record these facts. Has not the community cause to feel grateful to Hammel and have not the taxpayers the right to know what were the facts of his being undermined?

Now, What?

What are we to be given in exchange for Hammel? I do not believe in condemning a man without a trial, but it seems to me that if Mayor McAleer is to have his way—to be Chief of Police himself in fact—Hammel's successor can only be the Mayor's creature and not the people's servant. We shall see. Able, we may be certain, will do his duty whenever he is allowed to, but the limitations on a really efficient chief of police under such conditions are as obvious as they are lamentable.

Alexander's Price.

Several of the daily papers have been indulging in spasms because C. A. Alexander, the garbage contractor, raised his price for collecting and disposing of garbage after his contract expired. My experience with human nature is that about nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done exactly as Mr. Alexander did, if they had the chance; yes, including those critics who have made the air quiver with their protestations. Now look! Alexander had the teams; he had the organization for handling the men; he had the only crematory; and his contract was up. The city authorities had made no preparations to take up the collection of garbage when his time was up. Alexander had been "fined" by the health authorities until he was thoroughly roused. The chance came and he raised his price. How many mere men, and not angels would have done otherwise? If blame there be it belongs to the city for not having laid its plans to supplant Alexander.

The Decarie Crematory.

Before long—that is shortly after the Decarie system crematory now being built for the city is completed—you are going to hear an explosion about the city hall that will make Mayor McAleer and the Decarie system's supporters sit up and take notice. From what I can learn the Decarie crematory is very likely not to cremate—that is unless much fuel is added to the garbage that is collected. There looms up big and threatening another municipal row to "bother" Mr. McAleer. Wait and see.

Want to Know.

I want to know why the city should pay its police surgeon \$150 a month and its police surgeon is hardly ever in the city receiving hospital. I am told that Dr. Art Smith's absences from his post of duty have been as long as three months and that his attendance to his civic duties is always rare. Neither the fact that Dr. "Art" Smith is a very popular fellow and a skilful surgeon nor the fact that he is the son of Councilman George A. Smith, the leading voice and spirit (the latter when Blanchard is away),

seems to be a satisfactory answer. Will Councilman Smith or Dr. Houghton kindly investigate?

I also want to know why no record of licenses is kept at the city hall; also if it be true that by the expenditure of a few hundred dollars for detective work the income of the city could be increased at least \$1000 a month by the proper collection and record of such licenses.

Hose Contractors Need Watching.

Los Angeles buys a goodly part of its hose from the Bowers Rubber Company of San Francisco. This concern has always had a phenomenally strong pull with the city authorities; so strong at times as to appear superhuman. If the proceedings before the city trustees of Bakersfield last Monday night are to be accepted as a criterion of how the hose business is done, an investigation should be held in Los Angeles forthwith.

Charges of Crookedness.

Bakersfield was wrestling with the hose buying problem. The active participants were Frank A. Hollabaugh of the Bowers Company, A. F. Stoner, a dealer of Bakersfield, Chief Willow of Bakersfield and Walter D. Walsh of the New York Belting and Packing Company. Walsh openly charged that Hollabaugh had proposed to Stoner to help in the sale of eighty cent hose to the city of Bakersfield and to substitute a sixty cent hose in making delivery. Stoner when called corroborated Walsh and said that the city would never know the difference. Stoner was to receive a special commission of 10 per cent for "working" the board. Stoner says that he invited Hollabaugh to "get out" and "that —— quickly" when this grafting proposal was made. Hollabaugh who was present entered a denial, and Stoner came back with a question asking Hollabaugh if he hadn't offered Chief Willow an additional 5 per cent two years ago to favor the Bowers hose. Hollabaugh answered in the negative. "Yes, sir, he did," was Willows's reply to Hollabaugh.

Where it Hits.

The upshot was that the Bowers bid was thrown out. This is of no concern in Los Angeles. What does concern this city is whether the Hollabaugh business system as exposed in Bakersfield is being practiced here. Are we getting substituted hose?

Times Stock.

I made some remarks, some weeks ago, concerning the city and county assessments of the property of the Times-Mirror Company. Some of my friends have questioned the figures that I gave of the Times's enormous profits, but I still maintain that it is one of the most extraordinarily remunerative newspaper investments on record. The Times bought its frontage at the corner of First and Broadway, some fifteen years ago, for \$300 a front foot. Dan McFarland was the vendor and he accepted in part payment five shares of Times stock at their par value of \$1000 a share. Those five shares today are worth \$160,000. You can figure out the profits of the investment yourself. Will it continue to be so enormously profitable? That is another question. Despite Harry Chandler's wonderful business sagacity, he has been unable to stem the tide of the Examiner's success. If the Examiner had an Associated Press franchise, it would be an infinitely more interesting paper than the

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Times, which maintains its provincialism and other more objectionable birth-marks in the face of cosmopolitan competition. The Examiner's circulation is increasing by leaps and bounds, in spite of its not having the A. P. service and in spite of its editorial page, the local features of which simply expose the ignorance of the megalosaurus who combines the functions of business manager and editorial writer.

Ramish Relented.

Adolph Ramish, the natty little contractor and astute Democratic politician, was exceedingly wrathful a few weeks ago. I doubt indeed, if his ire has thoroughly cooled despite the refrigerating influence of his attorney, Frank G. Finlayson. Ramish was shown a copy of the Times in which he was held up to eternal obloquy by its Pasadena correspondent, on account of alleged mal-treatment of his mules. Ramish vowed vengeance. No less a sum than \$20,000 would heal his wounds. He was disposed to instruct his attorney at once to begin a libel suit for damages. But Mr. Finlayson was sure that the matter could be amicably adjusted. The pleadings of City Editor Harry E. Andrews were so piteous and his apologies so abject that the fierce wrath and vengeance of Ramish were appeased. All of which goes to show that when you intend to sue the Times for libel, don't employ as your attorney a member of the General's newspaper household.

"Joshing" George Ellis.

A Times reporter in recording the accident to George B. Ellis, the well known broker and automobileist, declared that "Ellis had had the machine but a short time and is none too experienced at the wheel." Now it happens that George Ellis is one of the most experienced chauffeurs in the city and was one of the founders of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Consequently his friends have been having no little fun at the genial Mr. Ellis's expense. Little trifles like having his machine overturned by a street car do not baffle him for more than a moment. I remember a certain party that George Ellis conducted in his auto to Redlands, or rather on the way to Redlands, for, sad to relate, something went wrong with the car in about the middle of the Cucamonga desert. But the party landed in Redlands all right and in good order, even if the machine was only towed as far as San Bernardino. That was about eighteen months ago. Since then Ellis made a record trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles. But such is fleeting fame! Today the Times declares that "Ellis is none too experienced at the wheel!"

Street Sales Battle.

When S. T. Clover's "Evening News" is born, look out for storm signals on the streets. There is impending a fight for "street sales" and an Italian vendetta is a tame affair to the struggle for transient business. The News is to be sold for one cent—the Express will certainly try to hold its price to two cents, and the Record is a piece of merchandise costing one cent. I understand that the Record will devote its energies to preventing the newsboys from selling the three papers, Record, News and Express for five cents. In fact the boys could well afford to do this for the initial cost to them will be but two cents for the three papers. The Record's

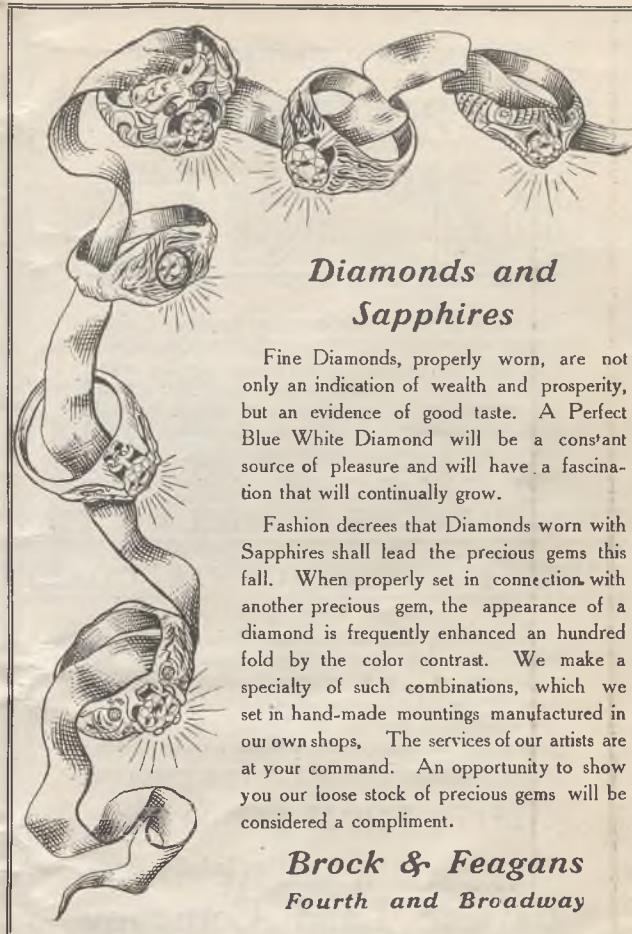
theory is that the Record and either of the other two should sell for five cents—provided the boy can get it. The mere suggestion of "three papers for a nickel" will cause a mild case of hysteria with the Record's circulator. The Express will naturally try to drive Clover to the tall timber, but it will prove a big contract. The maneuvering will be worth watching from the moment that the News sees the twilight.

Frederick H. Rindge.

A man of lovely character was Frederick H. Rindge. A friend of Vice President Tupper of the Conservative Life Insurance Company tells me the following characteristic anecdotes. "Tupper," said Mr. Rindge one day last year, "you are working too hard. You will oblige me by taking more time off." "I can't seem to find the time," replied Tupper, "and I am strong, and do not really need any rest just now." "Tupper, I'll tell you what I will do," replied Rindge, "if you will agree to take, say, three days off every month, I will have the board of directors raise your salary." Now what do you think of that? Begging a man to take vacations and imploring him to take more pay for doing so. Another time Rindge went to Tupper and said, "Tupper, I think you need more sea air, why don't you get a house at one of the beaches?" Tupper replied, "Why, Mr. Rindge, I hope some day to do that, but just now I hardly see my way clear to that end." Nothing more was said, but by the last of the week Tupper came down to his office one day and found on his desk a deed to a lot at Santa Monica adjoining the big house that Rindge had built for himself. No wonder that the day of Mr. Rindge's death when I went to the offices of the Conservative Life Insurance Company, I did not see a man or woman clerk but whose eyes betrayed the sorrow they felt.

Actor Adoration.

These handsome young actors of the local stock companies are causing no little anxiety among careful mammas, and in at least one case arousing the green-eyed monster of jealousy in a well known family. The fact that several of these handsome young actors are quite happily and satisfactorily married seems to make no difference to the silly girls and more than one matron who should know better. One can excuse the matinee girl's secret adoration of a handsome actor, silly and empty romance though it be, but what palliation can there be for a self-respecting girl to humiliate herself by showering her attentions upon a man whom she only knows by sight on the stage and at a distance? Several of these affairs have caused so much annoyance to the management of one of the theaters that I have been asked to strike a note of warning. The honest actor, who has served his apprenticeship, scorns to take notice or advantage of the gushing advances made by ignorant girls. But the vanity of the average green actor, who has a chance to display his pulchritude upon the boards, makes it difficult for him not to be flattered by such attentions. Plenty of liberty is allowed the American girl because she is usually possessed of plenty of common sense. In the personal adoration of actors by girls who do not know them there is no sense, but plenty and fruitful folly.



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Work is actively progressing around Main street and the Alamitos Bay end of Bay City. Cement curbs and walks are being laid; streets are being oiled; a neat waiting station has been constructed at the foot of 5th street; new cottages are going up; the burned bath house and pavilion on the ocean front will be rebuilt. There's SOMETHING DOING ALL ALONG THE LINE

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Straining the "Ship."

The affairs of the "Ship" at Venice are approaching a crisis. It is not that Marchetti is in financial difficulties, for I understand quite the contrary. Certainly he is not, if his prices for food and drink give a line on his condition. There is a fierce feud between Abbot Kinney and Marchetti, and the Doge will not rest until he has excommunicated the Italian. Kinney's alleged grievance is that Marchetti charges too much, that the food is not up to the mark as to cooking, and that Marchetti is not sufficiently diplomatic with American guests. Marchetti on the contrary, holds that he took a long term lease on the "Ship" and the pier and St. Mark's, that he has "made good" and that the other side is trying to take "snap judgment" on him. I am told that Kinney and his associates offered Marchetti a round sum for his lease, but the offer was refused.

Liquor License Involved.

Negotiations having absolutely failed, the Kinney party put on the screws of inquisition. Influence was brought to bear on the trustees to revoke Marchetti's license, the belief being that Marchetti will be more "amenable to reason" now that is done. Of course the "Ship" would not be nearly so profitable without a liquor license as it is, something that both sides keenly realize. If Marchetti is ousted, by one means or another, I am told that Al Levy is to secure the "Ship" privilege, and naturally will recover the liquor license. But I should not advise anyone to go into business in Venice unless he is prepared to allow Kinney to dominate it.

Dirt, Dust and Dilapidation.

I wish I could induce my friend, Horace Platt and other directors of the Pacific Improvement Company to come down to Santa Monica with me, once the Queen of resorts, and visit the Arcadia bath-house, which for many years I have frequented with great enjoyment. The bath-house is in the last stages of dirt, dust and dilapidation. You cannot take a swim there any more with any degree of comfort or cleanliness. The Arcadia Hotel should, and some day will, not only regain its glory of former years but could be made one of the best paying investments on the Coast. The P. I. Company is neglecting, and has long neglected, a great opportunity.

A Distinguished Finn.

There is now visiting B. R. Baumgardt Dr. Pehr Ollson Seffer, a distinguished scientist whose history is most eventful. The Russification of Finland has forced some of its most intelligent and cultured subjects to leave "The Land of a Thousand Seas," as the Finns are accustomed to name their native land. A great colony of these Russian subjects has located in New York, while many are scattered throughout Canada and other parts of the world. A few—not many—have in their vicissitudes visited Los Angeles. Dr. Pehr Ollson Seffer, who passed through Los Angeles on his trip from Mexico to San Francisco, arrived in California about three years ago from Australia. In that country, in conjunction with Mr. Theodore Baumgardt, father to Mr. B. R. Baumgardt of Los Angeles, he compiled a large and valuable publication on the resources and possibilities of the English colony. On his arrival in the United States his services were at once enlisted by the Stanford University where he became Professor

of Plant Ecology, an important study of the distribution of valuable plants in their different habitats. His attention was especially directed to the study of plants which could be profitably grown in the sand dunes along the California coast. After taking his degree of Doctor of Science, he entered the United States Government's service and was sent to southern Mexico to study the rubber plant from an economic point of view and its suitability to the Philippine Islands. It has been the purpose to establish a biological laboratory and agricultural experiment station somewhere in the Philippine Islands, with Dr. Seffer at its head, but the government of Mexico is equally anxious to secure the services of this distinguished scientist. Dr. Seffer is undecided in which capacity he can be of the most value to science, to which his life is dedicated. His forthcoming report to the United States government on the rubber plant in southern Mexico is looked forward to by many as the first authoritative report on the subject. On his arrival in San Francisco Dr. Seffer will at once begin to prepare his report.

Permanent Guests Returning.

The Angelus Hotel is beginning to have inquiries for winter quarters from many Angelenos who have been spending the summer at the beach, in the mountains or in the north. There is already at the Angelus a colony of permanent residents and from indications the coming winter will see the largest number of permanent residents in the history of the hostelry. The grill, which is operated in connection with the hotel, has had an exceedingly prosperous summer season, and when the winter season is at its height the grill will be a center for the best theater parties in the city.

The Choral Outlook.

Last week I gave at some length Harry Barnhart's ideas about the coming choral season. Inadvertently the paragraph devoted to the plans of Professor Jahn and the choral society was omitted. It will be remembered, briefly, that Mr. Barnhart intends to continue to "do the best he can" with the Apollo Club. Barnhart says he will lay down the baton when a more competent leader develops, as it appears that Mr. Barnhart is to be the judge and jury on competency. In the meantime the Apollo Club is likely to continue to advertise itself as the largest choral body in Southern California. Mr. Barnhart perhaps forgets that two hundred musical sticks are an aggravation when scattered among one hundred singers; they ruin the leaven and spoil the musical baking. The upshot can only be mediocrity, if as good.

Reorganizing.

In the meantime, Professor Jahn, satisfied that Mr. Barnhart and the Apollo Club never intended in good faith to consolidate, is going about his work as if the Apollo Club and all its accessories never existed. To begin with the Choral is to be limited to a membership of one hundred—that is well. Every member now in the society who wants to sing must be tried out again—that, too, is good, for it will enable the voice committee to weed out dead material and provide for the introduction of fresh voices. Those members who can sing will be retained; and I am told that there are plenty of applicants for the vacancies that are to be created. If these rules

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Gunn Desks. We are just arranging on our display floors a complete showing of Gunn Desks. They are desks for all purposes and in a wide range of prices; but anything that comes from the Gunn factory is a good desk, and we stand behind them with the reputation of the store.

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and the rule regarding attendance at rehearsals are enforced, the Choral should be able to show a very decided improvement next season. The program for the year is already announced. The Choral will sing "The Messiah" on the afternoon of December 24 at the Mason. The second concert will include Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise and the Crusaders by Gade. The program of the third concert will be made up of various selections for mixed chorus.

C. Y. C.'s Pennant Aloft.

The Catalina Yacht Club is still alive! The last time I heard of it, if I remember right, was in the law courts when the C. Y. C. had a disagreement with the old Terminal Railway concerning certain property. But the Catalina Yacht Club went for a cruise last week and most of its famous members of yesterday were on board the flagship of the fleet, Admiral Hancock Banning's "Cricket." Commodore M. L. Graff forsook the terra firma of the links and the wiles of bridge and heaved anchor; Chief Steward Walter Newhall bossed the viands; Chief Engineer Frank Cox of Arizona wore two overcoats; First Lieutenant Fred Walton guarded the cigars, while Second Mate "Billy" Garland sang "In the Good Old Summer Time." At least, so writes my veracious Avalon correspondent. The club cruised to Emerald Bay, and without accident.

Fishermen Happy.

This is proving a fine season for those anglers who prefer surf fishing to all other sport. I do not say "corbina" for the reason that the term corbina, as applied to the surf fish is a woeful error in nomenclature. As an instance of the excellence of this

kind of fishing I can give the case of Henry Wolfrom and Henry Preston who were at Sunset Beach last Sunday. Wolfrom took eighteen surf, the largest six and a quarter pounds, and not a nipper surf in the lot. Preston caught twelve fine fish. Harry Whitehead, who was with them, landed three shark, much to his disgust. Surf fishing has been excellent all along the beaches usually favored with this class of fishing.

Power of Money.

"I told my son Jack, who is just back from Harvard," said Colonel Lankershim, "about John W. Mitchell's expensive fence and lodge at his beautiful place. 'Those things cost a lot of money, Jack,' I said, and he replied, 'Well, what's the use of money if not to spend?' I'm afraid that he has absorbed some of Mitchell's temperamental ideas. When I started out in life I worked on our farming lands, and I found I was employing men of education and culture for a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, because they did not have the money-making faculty. I do not worship money, far from it, and I agree to an extent with Jack in that it is good to spend. But after all, in America money means power, the only form of power except intellectual that the man of ordinary ability can acquire. It is not love of money that actuates the average American, but the power that goes with it. He can do things and make a position, and acquire an influence that would not be his without money. And a money-maker must be a man of sober temperate life, or good conduct as a rule. There are exceptions, but these only prove the rule.'" The Colonel is not an exception.



Teacher of Song in His Studio—CHARLES FARWELL EDSON.

The first time I met Charlie Edson was some years ago when he came into Los Angeles from the family ranch in Antelope Valley to dispose of his walnut and almond crop and to enjoy a week of grand opera. His resonant greeting—how far down in the bass clef I cannot say—is with me yet. "By Polyhymnia," I thought, "if this man sings as he talks, he must have a voice that is too good for the Antelope Valley." Later, I heard him sing, and though his voice had suffered from some years' lack of practice I could well believe that he had been one of the best choir-singers in Chicago and a friend and rival of Eugene Cowles.

Some years later, Mr. Edson forsook the game and the walnuts of the family ranch and came to Los Angeles to reside, to sing, and to teach voice culture. How great his success has been is best evidenced by the very few spare hours he can call his own as long as he is in Los Angeles. He has just returned from a month's invigorating camping and hunting in the mountains of Siskiyou County, "ruddier than the cherry and browner than the berry," and with a winter's supply of "jerky" venison and a gunny-sack full of salted bear-meat, "fit as a

fiddle" for a strenuous season's encounter in making rough voices smooth and false notes true.

Mr. Edson sings and teaches singing because music is the passion of his life and he is confident that he has discovered new ways of developing the voice to the best advantage. His studio, while rich in attractive souvenirs of the chase, of pioneer days in California, and of things and people musical, is distinctively a workshop. He designed and built it for that purpose, and allowed nothing to interfere with his plans. The building is a few steps from the Edson home at 950 West Twentieth street and absolutely cut off from any household interruptions. As a further insurance for both teacher's and pupil's concentration on the task in hand, the spacious room, though well lighted, has no windows that you can see out of, unless you stand on the top of the piano stool. "It is my experience," says Mr. Edson, "that these little precautions, trivial perhaps in themselves, are very much worth while. A pupil or even a teacher, for that matter, is apt to welcome a chance for a moment's distraction—looking out of the window, for instance. Now, the first thing I demand, and must have, from my pupils is absolute attention all the time. If I am to give the best that is in me, my pupil must do likewise."

Mr. Edson believes that it is impossible for anyone to sing well unless he or she is in excellent health.

Accordingly he makes a careful study of his pupil's physical condition. "Frequently I have sent pupils away" he once told me, "and have asked them not to come back until they had consulted their physicians and been made sound. If it is true, as it is, that 'a healthy mind depends on a healthy body,' it is equally true that a first-rate voice depends on a first-rate body. If I have been successful with my pupils, I believe that such success is mainly due to my rigid insistence on Health first, Singing after."

The Edson studio, of which a very fair idea is given in the above picture, is not only a thorough workshop but is a delightful rendezvous for lovers of the artistic and for Bohemians. A panel of the rough-hewn lumber, of which the studio is built, records by their signatures the well known musicians and artists who have enjoyed the Edson hospitality. Among his many treasures, outside his family, Mr. Edson probably values most a set of autographed photographs given him by Madame Schumann-Heink, whose voice and art Mr. Edson regards as the greatest of the age. A well stocked musical library, opera and oratorio predominating, a few hundred of the "best books," an escriptoire, containing among other things the owner's secret poems—which some day he may be induced to publish—a few excellent pictures, many interesting photographs, some trophies of the chase, half a dozen steins and German pipes, some reliques of pioneer days—"when his father crossed the plains"—and an excellent piano comprise my recollections of a most interesting half-hour spent in Charlie Edson's studio.

Whole-souled and manly, robust and enthusiastic, musicianly and earnest, Charles Farwell Edson has already made his mark upon the musical life of Los Angeles.

Boots and Other Things.

Do you wear "boots?" Not unless you are an old timer and belong to the oldest of the old guard. But if you do, and you will plead guilty to "elevens" you can get a pair away below cost by calling on James P. Burns. There is a touching story about Burns's possession of boots, which only Burns can tell with the proper accent. Burns had for a long time a single customer for "boots", a pioneer named Peachy whom all the old timers knew. The last order for the boots came in at about the expected time, and Burns sent East for Peachy's footwear. The day the boots came back, Burns read in the paper Peachy's death notice. "Wasn't it awful," said Burns this week, "that he should die before those boots were delivered? I have offered any clerk in the store a special premium if he will sell those boots—never mind the price, just sell 'em.'" Now I don't suppose that the reader of this paragraph has thought of boots for ten years—unless he wears them or is a shoe dealer. I know of only one man who still clings to boots—Ex-Governor Henry T. Gage, and Burns's elevens are much too big to fit his case. I am told that Joseph Mesmer, the Queen shoe store man, has a few boot customers on his list; members of the old guard who cling to North-of-First-street and its ideals. The boot is all but extinct, along with the copper toed boots and shoes all children wore when I was a boy.

Jones—"What do you think of the Louvre Gallery?"
Smith (just back)—"Oh, the pictures are pretty good, but there are no jokes underneath them."—New York Sun.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

This could not exactly be described as suitable weather for the wearing of many handsome toilettes, could it? A complete suit of "the altogether" seems more desirable, with the thermometer at bursting point. Fortunately, however, this torrid spell won't last long and pretty soon now we will have just the soft cool days that call for dainty new garments, and with their usual forethought, the store keepers are all ready with them. It is better to "make haste slowly" about the selection of the fall outfit. One must not become too highly elated over the lovely new things in any particular store. Keep remembering and repeating to yourself the terse truth, that "There are Others."

And all this leads to my telling you, that there is something coming worth waiting for all right. Mr. L. Isaacs of the Unique on Broadway has just returned from his visit to London, Paris and Berlin and has brought with him some of the loveliest creations in gowns and cloaks and suits that have ever been seen in the city. They are not on view yet, so I can't describe them to you, but I will let you know just as early as possible when the opening day of this fascinating exhibition will take place.

The Ville de Paris this week has received their fall selections of dress patterns. Lovely French suitings in smooth material wide and soft as old-fashioned broadcloth. Checks and plaids seem to be all the rage this season; some of those I saw at the Ville were as delicate as they were novel; even the spotted pieces must have for background a dimly defined check. I was surprised to find how moderate these novelties are in price. You can get a dandy gown for tailor-made effect all the way from twelve dollars up, at good old Ville de Paris.

I went into Blackstone's the other day and found the gracious Pere et Fils deeply immersed in arranging the swell new cloaks and suits that they have just brought from abroad and put on view for the coming season. One wonders how on earth they can expect to dispose of them all. Such beautiful suits, some with long coats to the heel, and as many

New Drapery Stuffs

Just received; a complete line of new draperies in all the recent colorings and weaves; French Cretonnes, French muslins; silkolines, silksheen; royalines, scrims, Hungarian cloth; sateens; Art Tickings; printed Denims; rugs; art squares, curtains, of every description; table covers etc., at prices made possible only because of our enormous annual business.

Coultet Dry Goods Co.

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224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET

more with short little Eton jackets and dainty vests. An Empire coat, composed of robin's egg blue, lined with soft white satin, was a perfect poem. They have a new color that seems to be the latest at Blackstone's, a sort of claret or deep crimson that is most effective. I saw a suit with dinky short coat, embroidered vest and wide black velvet girdle, in this new shade that would look simply stunning on a tall blonde. All the Blackstone models are in perfect taste, they never cater to Hoi Polloi, and the fact shows in their new fall gowns I can assure you.

Filled with a lasting regret that "I couldn't have none," (as the kiddies say), I decided to console myself with an ice, and cool off for half an hour in that charming green tea room I told you of at Coulter's new store. My dear, you don't know how jolly it is up there. While I was waiting I spent my time happily rubbering at a merry party of young society girls who were having luncheon there. A pretty bud was hostess and she had selected the coohest or corners and the loveliest flowers and decorations for her party. They had it cunningly shut off from the rest of the big room with screens made of green burlap, same shade as the walls, and I thought it was the neatest, cutest idea. There must have been about twenty or twenty-five young people there, and it struck me as one of the choicest places in town for a little private party. The head waiter told me that by telephoning the day before, or in the early morning, they can get you up a daintily arranged repast which is you see, absolutely private and cut off from the madding crowd. The chef is one of the best in the city, (I believe the Hotel Green used to pay his salary), and so you see these young people knew "where they ate."

Next week I will be telling you a great deal about Hats and new millinery. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Spier are on their way back from New York and then there will be decided "something doing" in their beautiful store on the corner of Hill and Third streets.

Last week I tried to give you some small idea of the glorious silks and satins that have just been imported from Paris for the Boston Store. They have them on view now and the selection is simply stupendous. Some are printed crepe de chene in floral effects for swell reception and evening gowns. When you read "printed" you don't get an idea of the hand-painted effect of the delicate flowers. A 43-inch silk is a rarity you must allow. But there! it has "arrived" at the Boston Store in the form of an exquisite piece of Silk Moire Velour. This is one of the latest Parisian fads for tailor-made suits and

comes in all the new shades. For dressy street gowns comes a double width checked Lamati Soie; an embossed crepe radium is the surname of a lovely piece of filmy figured material for full dress gowns. The south window at this moment is gloriously decked with an endless range of printed warp taffetas in every conceivable shade and pattern. This is about the swellest display of fine silken goods that has ever been made on the coast and would be hard to beat in any one store in London or Paris, but as the buyer remarked the Los Angeles women are more willing to part with coin of the realm for a swell gown than any other people on earth, not excepting gay Parisians themselves.

In sincerely melting mood then I sign myself

Yours affectionately,
LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., August Thirtieth.

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FOURTH AND BROADWAY.

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Have you
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of the big
bargains at
our clean
up sale?

We are keeping our factory busy making up the surplus stock of material, and our sales force on the jump selling them at very unusual prices as not often occurs for such garments. We never carry stock over from one season to another, is the reason Matchless Machin Tailor Made Waists and High Grade Neckwear and Belts are selling at

**Less than the cost of making
and the material.**

Machin Shirt Co.
HIGH-GRADE SHIRT MAKERS
124 S. Spring Street



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If you cannot always present a letter of introduction be sure your visiting or business card is one of typographical merit. It'll answer the purpose almost as well. Our engravers are artists and the materials we use the very best.

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313 South Broadway

Over The Teacups

Have you ever tried the tea at Coulter's? It is certainly well worth the trial and you will find Coulter's tea room a most delightful place to rest in for half an hour. Miss Frances Coulter gave a luncheon there last week in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Albert W. Moore, who have recently returned from their honeymoon and are staying at 229 North Grand avenue. The table decorations were exceedingly artistic and the place cards delightful souvenirs of the bride. Miss Coulter's guests included:

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Trippet, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Braly, Mr. and Mrs. John Van Gieson Posey, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Misses Inez Moore, Adele Brodtbeck, Bertha Pollard, Elsie Laux, Juliette Phelps, Eva Elizabeth Keating, Leila Simonds, Annis Van Nys, Anna and Mary Chapman, Mary Patterson, Lillian Carlton, Aileen Jacobs, Charline Coulter; Messrs. Gus Knecht, Earl Cowan, Earl Anthony, Brown, Fred Phelps, Philo Lindley, William Kuehn, John Hunt, Don Carlton, Robert Granger, Robert Moore, Kay Crawford, Warren Carhart, Winthrop Blackstone and Dr. Charles Garvin.

Babies are plentiful and very popular this summer. Mrs. Roland Bishop, a very charming little matron, who is the daughter of Judge Wellborn, has a three weeks' old infant of which she is very proud. Mrs. Percy Hoyle presented her husband last week with a ten pound and a half daughter and among other doting young matrons are: Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mrs. Ross Smith, Mrs. Ernest Bryant, Mrs. Carroll Allen, Mrs. John V. Littig, Mrs. Bert E. Williams, Mrs. William P. Jeffries, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. Jack Johnson, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. Charles Coleman and Mrs. Durward De Van.

A certain young doctor, closely associated with the receiving hospital and enjoying a large practice on the side, has been caught in Cupid's meshes, so says Dame Gossip, and within a short time will wed one of Los Angeles's prettiest maidens. She is a Titian blonde with the daintiest of coloring, and many a young bachelor has cast longing glances her way. If you really don't believe that the said young doctor, who has for so long been regarded as hope-

less in the matrimonial market, is really "hard hit" just watch him some Saturday afternoon at the Orpheum with his lady love, where the least of his attention is given to what is transpiring on the stage. No formal announcement has yet been made of the engagement but the date, I hear, has been set for some time in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Petsch, formerly of South Figueroa and Twenty-first street, who departed about a year ago with their young son Karl for Germany, have returned and will make their home at Santa Monica. Karl, the only child and heir of the household was to have been educated in the Vaterland, where an estate estimated somewhere about two million dollars awaits his coming of age. It was the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Petsch to remain abroad, but many years' residence in Los Angeles spoiled them for European life and the prospective young millionaire will be educated along American lines and directed by his able father.

The multitude of diners at the Cafe Bristol were puzzled some time ago at the appearance of some gaudy colors, the letters Sigma Phi all done in an artistic manner over a corner where was placed a large round table with seats for a dozen. The painting and motto were executed by the good natured management at the request of a number of former students of the U. S. C. who assemble at the cafe daily for luncheon and to whom the viands no doubt taste better with the motto of their fraternity a'hanging o'er the spot. Even if there were naught else to attract to the round table, the jolly crowd would be sufficient for curious glances once in a while from the surrounding tables in so far as the party of the Greek letter college frat. include Ross Hickok, Austin Martin, Percy Thompson, "Tossie" Wright, Dr. E. D. Hiller, Lou R. Garrett and A. Elder.

While on the subject of babies and weather and summer resorts, which seem to be the chief topics now for the idle, the judges of the baby show recently at Playa del Rey displayed good taste in awarding to Donald Young, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Young of this city the first prize. The two little sons of the Young household, Gordon and Donald, are not only the pride of their parents, but of their aunt, Miss Alby Easton, and two uncles, Joe and Lang Easton.

The colony at Ocean Park which has been conceded to be the jolliest here and which is situated about Sunset avenue, bade fair to dissolution last week, and some of the families had gone so far as to pack their belongings to take their departure for home. The warm weather here, however, materially changed plans and there has been a frantic dive among several occupying cottages, for renewals of leases, etc. Many who had intended returning this month will possibly not be back in town until October.

Good Shoes

After all a "special sale" shoe always IS and always LOOKS "special."

Good shoes, in proper styles, are as staple as gold. When a shoe is offered at a cut price it is because the shoe lacks something.

This store sells good shoes at just as low prices as they can be sold for.

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251 W. Third St.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

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Second and Spring
Los Angeles

Home 5825
Sunset Main 1288

Autos and Autoists

*Edited by A. P. FLEMING
Sec. of the Auto Club of So. Cal.*

H. G. Bemis, the man who has gone with his wife on a three months' tour in a Pathfinder auto weighted down with luggage, even to a stove and trunk, has written from Oakland to A. J. Smith, 651 South Broadway. Through the courtesy of Mr. Smith the Graphic is enabled to print the letter for the first time. It gives an idea of the pleasures to be had on a trip of this kind. Mr. Bemis says:

You are no doubt surprised that I have not written you oftener, and that we are no farther north than this. We are having a fine time of it, every day, and often stop a few days at places where there is any pleasure to be had. There have been no particular excitements with us, not even so much as getting stuck on the road, or a breakdown. It is just a case of going any place we want to; and we don't have to walk, either.

Our trip up to Madera was all O. K. We left the machine there because we were unwilling to pay the \$50 toll asked to enter the pass, and went with some Los Angeles friends in a team to Merced by way of Raymond and Big Oak Flats and then back to Madera by rail.

Our trip of 180 miles with a team was through mountains and forests, and it was very beautiful, especially through the Big Tree groves.

We could have made this trip with the car without trouble, but the roads are narrow and there is danger of frightening teams, so a heavy toll is imposed. It has the effect to make autoists go in wagons or by rail if they wish to go at all. We spent considerable time in the valley.

We have had an abundance of small game and trout, and are now looking for big game. We leave Oakland soon, and expect to get shots at bears, deer and the like, and also to have fine fishing.

I can't write you much about the Elmore Pathfinder we are traveling in. She merely goes ahead when I want to, no matter what the condition of the road is.

The worst piece of road we have yet struck was about forty miles south of Stockton, near Turlock, and there we encountered about the worst five-mile stretch of sand I have ever seen. We met just after striking it a Reo with four men, who were coming towards the river while we were going the other way. They were assisting it over the sand and said they had been engaged in this pleasant occupation for three hours. They said it would be simply impossible for us to make it, and advised us to take a long way around, or ship by rail. I said I was not in the habit of dodging bad roads and that I intended to go through. They said we must be crazy, and were sorry for us. It was then 3 o'clock, and Stockton was 40 miles away. We had supper in Stockton, and negotiated that road, too. All but a half mile of it was up the hill in sand. I would



like to see that crowd again. They were nice fellows.

The Witherbee battery is working fine. It went through with the first charge without trouble and was still good for two or three hundred miles. The present charge will take us to Portland. It is very satisfactory.

We are getting lots of fine pictures to show you on our return. Will try to give you something of our trip between here and Portland. Truly yours,

H. G. BEMIS.

Ralph Hamlin has received the first Franklin 20-25 horsepower touring car seen here. It is a four cylinder machine, air cooled, weighs 1800 pounds, and is capable of carrying five or six passengers. The price is \$2650, and while no one has as yet appears to take the car off his hands, Mr. Hamlin says that he has "three or four pretty good nibbles."

Dr. W. R. Severson has bought a Franklin runabout.

L. L. Whitman, who was Hamlin's seat mate on the San Francisco record run, has written that he is having a fine time on his up coast run, and will be back soon. He and Mrs. Whitman are off for a three weeks' cruise in their Franklin runabout.

W. K. Cowan has sold Rambler surrey runabouts to Mrs. A. L. Knight of Pasadena and C. L. Pratt.

The Middleton Motor Car Company has sold Automobile runabouts to Mrs. Gail Borden and E. T. Stimson.

L. H. Corser and wife have gone to San Francisco on a two weeks' vacation in a Reo runabout.

E. K. Green and Mrs. Green have gone on a southern tour in their Reo, and will take in San Diego.

J. A. Rosesteel has sold Elmore Pathfinders to Nelson B. Snodgrass of Covina, D. L. Marcher of Ocean Park and E. H. Conner of this city.

"Hello! Where are you walking in such a hurry?" "Fellow just stole my auto and went down this road." "But surely you don't expect to overtake him on foot?" "Sure. He forgot to take the repair kit with him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Morse Silver left this week for New York. Miss Annis Van Nuys has returned from Lake Tahoe.

Dr. H. Bert Ellis has returned from his European trip.

Mrs. H. Norcross and Miss Eleanor Norcross have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Fryman of the Lankershim Hotel have returned from Portland.

Mrs. Ed. H. Moore has returned from Ocean Park to 511 West Twenty-third street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. E. Young of Valencia street have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss Grace Ramsey of 2741 Kenwood avenue left this week for Stanford University.

Mrs. E. T. Perkins expects to reoccupy her home on Gramercy Place, September 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowler Shankland are occupying their pretty new home on West Thirtieth street.

Mrs. W. M. Holland of 751 Lake street is entertaining Mrs. A. E. Cobb of Harlan, Iowa.

Judge and Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur of 822 S. Alvarado street are at Follows' Camp, San Gabriel canon.

Mrs. W. W. McLeod of 640 W. Eighteenth street has returned from a month's visit at Coronado.

Mrs. Percy H. Clark and Miss Florence Clark left yesterday for the East for a four months' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Edmonds have returned from the east and are spending a few weeks at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lacey and Miss Louise Lacey were guests this week at St. Mark's Hotel, Venice.

Mrs. M. H. Martin and Miss Annie L. Martin of West Ninth street have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wren of Hermosa Beach entertained this week Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Grogan.

Mrs. Otheman Stevens and Miss Clarisse Stevens of West Twentieth street are at 7 Sunset avenue, Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris McNab, have returned from a trip abroad and are occupying apartments at the Hinman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Seeley have returned from their trip to the Yellowstone and are at home at 1415 Bush street.

Miss Cummins and Miss Anna Clancy of West Eighteenth street have returned from Portland and San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith are at the Hotel Pepper until Mrs. Goldsmith (Lillian Burkhardt) leaves next month to open a season in vaudeville in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Isaacs of Lake street have returned from Europe, where they have been on business and pleasure for the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Don A. Judd and Miss Florence Judd of 1437 Iowa street leave today for Salt Lake City and the Portland Exposition.

Miss Edith Haines of New York was the guest this week of Miss Bertha Jones of Hermosa. Miss Haines leaves for the East next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Jevne and Miss Jevne when last heard from were at Interlachen, Switzerland. They expect to return to Los Angeles early in November.

Guy Corson, who in the employ of the Salt Lake Railway spends much of his time on the desert, is visiting his mother and sister, Miss May Corson, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle entertained Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Whitaker of 815 West Eighteenth street at their Terminal Island cottage, "Lew-Claire," this week.

Mrs. Charles L. Hanson and family of 1119 West Twenty-ninth street have returned from Matilija. Mrs. Hanson will be at home the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month.

Mrs. Andrew Mullen and Miss Mullen of 1515 Hoover street return next week from their cottage at Ocean Park. Mrs. Mullen has been entertaining her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Hancock.

Angelenos recently at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond, were Mr. Arnold Krauss, Mrs. May Martin Batcheler, Miss May Batcheler, Mr. Harry Batcheler, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Baldwin.

Mrs. Elsie Kerkhoff, Miss Elizabeth Kerkhoff, Miss Molly Dillon, Miss Kenealy and Miss Wolfskill of Redondo, have been visiting Portland and the summer resorts in British Columbia.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. McCoy and Miss Ethel McCoy of Ninth and Westlake left for Portland last week. Mrs. McCoy is also chaperoning Miss Mamie Hoyt of 936 Westlake avenue.

Dr. Le Moine Wills sailed this week for Europe to complete a course of study he has been pursuing in Boston and New York. He expects to return to Los Angeles in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Morgan Galbreth are spending their honeymoon in Portland. On their return they will reside at "Tierra Alta," South Pasadena, the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Albert Brigden.

Mrs. Carl Leon and daughter of 244 North Breed street left this week for San Francisco. Miss Amy Leonhardt goes to Boston to resume her studies in the New England Conservatory of Music, while Miss Clara Leonhardt is at school in Oakland.

Arrivals at Hotel St. Francis for the past week are: Los Angeles—Mrs. L. D. Taylor, E. J. Marshall, Dr. Henderson Hayward, W. P. Dunham, C. E. Meskimen, J. S. Torrance, J. R. Newberry, J. M. Overell, Jas. W. Mays, W. C. Price, M. Lissner and wife, Ben E. Ward, Mrs. John V. Peacock, Miss Olive Peacock, W. F. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher, Thos. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Treat, Mr. and Mrs. H. Keober, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst, Mrs. F. J. Mason, C. H. Howard, Dr. F. A. Biggell, Miss Gardner, E. E. McDowell, F. F. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pauly, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Wilson, Mrs. J. Ingersoll, Randolph Ingersoll, Niles Pease, Miss Jessie Pease, Miss Annie Pease, T. J. Steinhardt, Mrs. E. A. Curtis, Miss Viola Curtis, Miss Lillian Moore. Santa Barbara—Herbert Earlscliffe. San Diego—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hinkle, Pasadena—Mrs. R. McDowell, Sam S. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens, H. M. Fowler.

Anastasia's Date Book

September 7.—Mrs. W. W. McLeod, 640 West Eighteenth street; for Sunshine Society.

Receptions, Etc.

August 25.—Miss Nina Chapman and Miss Ruby Wagg; dance at the Barnhart-Robinson studio, 1097 Elden avenue.

August 26.—Miss Frances Coulter, 219 North Grand avenue; luncheon at Coulter's for Dr. and Mrs. Albert W. Moore.

August 26.—Miss Franklin Taylor, South Hoover street; luncheon at the Jonathan Club for Miss Isabel Works.

August 28.—Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bundrem, 821 West Sixteenth street; for Miss Mary Babcock and Mr. D. H. Laubersheimer.

August 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Domenico Russo, 1946 Park Grove avenue; wedding anniversary dinner.

August 30.—Mrs. T. Brown, 1318 Lyonwood street; silver social for Lady Helpers of Beth Israel Congregation.

August 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Le Roy Jones, San Gabriel; dinner for Babcock Laubersheimer bridal party.

August 31.—Miss Elizabeth Scudder, Pasadena; luncheon for Miss Gladys Chase.

September 1.—Mrs. Walter Harvey, Union avenue; for "As You Like It" Club.

September 1.—Mrs. Joseph Ellison, West Seventh street; for Miss Bessie Hinton.

Recent Weddings

August 26.—Miss Marguerite Talamantes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Talamantes of 1412 West Twenty-eighth street, to Ygnacio A. Garcia.

August 30.—Miss Azubah Ione Higgins to Mr. Pierre Mason at 2201 South Grand avenue.

August 30.—Miss Thraso Embody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Embody of Orange to Mr. Archibald Robert Brown, at Orange.

August 31.—Miss Mary Babcock to Mr. Daniel Hinds Laubersheimer at Christ Church.

August 31.—Miss Frances W. Lyman to Mr. James E. Metutyre at Monrovia.

September 1.—Miss Ethel Tupper Kennedy to Mr. Richard James Finn at 1002 Burlington avenue.

Approaching Weddings

September 6.—Miss Jessie Evelyn Hall, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall of Edgeware Road to Mr. W. W. Williams of Hooperstown, Ills., at San Jose.

September 6.—Miss Phila Borden Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, 345 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Lawrence Burroughs.

September 28.—Miss Mabel Cronkhite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cronkhite of 2941 West Sixth street, to Mr. B. H. Miller of Buffalo, N. Y., in the First Baptist Church.

October 3.—Miss Marie Louise Eager to Mr. Charles B. Bergin at St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

October 4.—Miss Alice M. Stribling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stribling of 2529 East First street to Mr. Harry G. Elliott in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 9.—Miss Stella Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blanchard to Mr. Elmer Dodd Cowan in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 11.—Miss Clara Louise Garbutt to Mr. George Turner in the University Methodist Church.

October 25.—Miss Bessie Rountree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rountree of 331 Loma Drive, to Mr. Willard Arnott.

September 20.—Miss Maude Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Little, of 928 South Burlington avenue, to Mr. Clyde J. Smith.

Engagements.

Miss Gwendolen Harvey, daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Harvey of 119 Avenue Twenty-one, to Mr. William Ray Jackson of Pasadena.

Miss Gladys Lillian Newberry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newberry of Woodside, Ct., to Mr. Charles Edwin Bent.

Miss Ruth Louise Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Wilson of Chicago, to Mr. Ralph French Burnham of Orange.

Miss Harriet M. Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wells of 1732 West Twenty-fourth street, to Mr. F. Arthur

On the Stage and Off



MADGE CARR COOK
As "Mrs. Wiggs" at the Mason

Belasco's first anniversary was celebrated by a really remarkable performance of Bulwer Lytton's classic drama, "Richelieu," in which George Barnum assumed the title role. I have constantly admired both the stagecraft and individual ability of Mr. Barnum and I welcomed the opportunity of seeing this fine actor in a part hallowed by some of the greatest traditions of his art. Taking everything into consideration, the brief period for preparation and the fact that such a play requires special selection of cast and unusual mounting, I consider Mr. Barnum's achievement both in the production and in his own performance a most remarkable achievement.

If I cannot join the chorus of ecstatic critics and declare that Barnum's Richelieu is the greatest I have ever seen, I can nevertheless gladly record my opinion that it was a very fine piece of work, a clear appreciation of Lytton's glorified conception of the great Cardinal, distinguished by the actor's own individuality. Moreover, Mr. Barnum had the burden of the entire production upon his mind; he also must have felt the severe mental strain under which Miss Lemmert was so bravely laboring. He was confused in his first scene but picked up his lines again so deftly that few in the audience may have noticed the



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Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 4

O'Brien & Havel, in "Ticks and Clicks"; Millman Trio, Aerial Gymnasts; Hoch, Elton & Co., in "Mlle Ricci"; Violet Dale, the Charming Mimic; Howard Bros., with Their Flying Banjos; Jacob's Dogs, Cleverest Ever; Josephine Ainsley, Singing Comedienne; Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last week of Yankee Doodle Boys, "Around the World in Twenty Minutes."

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Evenings, 10, 25, 50c.

slip. The play was ruthlessly "cut," but was quite sufficiently long, dragging out till past 11:30. The two conspicuous faults I have to find with Mr. Barnum's Richelieu were his reliance upon a single gesture, graceful enough in itself but tedious in perpetual reiteration, and in his permission of Joseph's slipping into burlesque instead of low comedy. Mr. Barnum read the fine lines with fire and force and at every opportunity stirred his audience to genuine emotion. Usually a past-master of "make-up" he seemed to me not entirely satisfactory in this instance; the strong lines of the face were lost in too smooth a cheek.

The large audience on a smothering evening were transported with Mr. Barnum's work and indeed with the efforts of the entire company, while John Blackwood's very handsome souvenir program was a source of much joy to the ladies. If only we had had Bobrick's Liquid Air this week, the cups of Belasco patrons would have been full!

After Barnum or, indeed, equal with him, was Tom Oberle, whose Barredas was a subtle study and a masterful portrait, entirely in the atmosphere. Galbraith's reading of blank verse is more hopelessly indistinct than of the ordinary "book"; of course, he looked exceedingly handsome, and many of the ladies yearned to be in Julie's shoes. Dick Vivian did his work with most commendable self-restraint and discretion.

There was very much to commend, and very little to condemn, in Edith Lemmert's Julie. Her beautiful voice, although occasionally allowed to get dangerously near the pitch of rant, afforded one of the joys of the evening.

As usual at the Belasco, the play was admirably mounted. My unknown friend, the scene-painter, has apparently recovered from his late attack of jaundice. The big scenes were excellently managed and the lighting, such an important feature in modern productions, was most effective.

Julian Johnson, the dramatic critic of the Times, said in last Thursday's Times, "The finest performance of Ibsen's 'A Doll's House' ever seen in this city was given yesterday afternoon at the Burbank Theater."

Otheman Stevens of the Examiner was equally ecstatic, declaring that "No matter how often you have seen it or whom you have seen as Nora, do not fail to see Blanche Hall. . . . I affirm that no more perfect performance was ever given in this city." And this superlative praise Mr. Stevens issued his readers was made "without any hysterical expression of the feeling of exaltation that the acting created" and "in cool judgment."

These extravagant encomia somewhat surprised me, particularly as less than two years ago, Mrs. Fiske, considered the greatest living Ibsen actress, appeared here as Nora Helmer, and previously—when, if I remember right, neither Mr. Stevens nor Mr. Johnson was in the city—Mary Van Buren's Nora was universally voted to be a very superior performance.

Such laudations, however, sufficiently stimulated my interest to brave the heat of last Wednesday afternoon and witness the second performance. There were, according to my friend, McIvor Tyndall's, count only thirteen men in the house, but the rest of the auditorium might have contained a woman's convention. Almost every seat was filled and the

theater bore a most attractive appearance of spotless white, the ladies all armed with fans but appearing quite cool and very contented in following Ibsen's ruthless dissection of the selfishness and hypocrisy of the Average Husband. No play was ever written that has a subtler charm, a more absorbing interest, for women than "A Doll's House." Its analysis is merciless but it is Truth. They recognize the photograph of situations with which they are mournfully familiar, they can thoroughly sympathize with Nora's point of view and so heartily despise Helmer's patronising platitudes and his blind self-love. And they are delighted at Helmer's final discomfiture—being left without his "doll" and to take care of the little children by himself. They may not approve of Nora's desertion but they are glad to think that this thoroughly exposed Lord of Creation is being properly punished and is destined to have a little hell of his own.

I am sorry I cannot subscribe with the same enthusiasm to Messrs. Stevens and Johnson's estimates of Miss Hall's work. In my humble opinion her Nora is a very long way after Mrs. Fiske's and is not as good as Mary Van Buren's. Miss Hall in the superficial places is very good; she is also very obvious. The deep notes of the distraught and suffering woman are only echoes. The lighter scenes she carries with a vivacity and even a diablerie that are eloquent of the character; she seems anxious to be as expressive with her hands as Mrs. Fiske is, but frequently the effort is too artificial. Miss Hall is evidently a very earnest soul and reads Ibsen intelligently, but I can find no justification for exalting her to the pinnacle of a great actress.

Of the rest of the little company Harry Mestayer's Krogstad impressed me most, but here again the touch was too light. The passions that were devouring Krogstad's soul were only hinted at, not portrayed. Mr. Bernard's Helmer is just what one might expect from this experienced and skilful actor—a clean cut performance. Bennett Southard, who in far less worthy plays has shown much clever character work, draws a vivid portrait of Dr. Rank.

Ibsen besides being a profound philosopher in domestics is also a great educator. Actors as well as audiences benefit by the study of his work. These Ibsen revivals are therefore to be encouraged from every point of view, and I sincerely hope Mr. Morosco and Mr. Mestayer have been sufficiently encouraged by the public's very generous patronage and appreciation to give us more of them. R. H. C.

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Monday Evening, Sept. 4, 1905—Scenes from Grand Opera (in costume.)

Tuesday Evening, Sept. 5, 1905—Grand Piano Recital by Alberto Jonas, the premier Spanish Pianist, and Mme. Elsa von Graves-Jonas, Pianiste.

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 6, 1905—Max Heinrich in Song Recital and "Enoch Arden"

Thursday Evening, Sept. 7, 1905—Louise Nixon Hill, of Chicago, and the Philomela Ladies' Quartette presenting—Three Centuries of American Ballads

Friday Evening, Sept. 8, 1905—An Evening of Drama by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobinson, Dobinson School of Expression assisted by Miss Henrietta Dobinson and Students of the School.

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DON'T MISS IT

IT'S GOOD

Stars et al.

White Whittlesey's new ventures are to be Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed" and Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Wilton Lackaye in the dramatization of Frank Norris's "The Pit" will follow May Irwin in "Mrs. Black in Bach" at the Mason.

Lucia Moore is to succeed Lillian Lawrence as leading woman of the Alcazar, San Francisco. Miss Moore has been winning great success at Belasco's in Portland.

James Neill and Edythe Chapman will produce a new play next week at the Majestic, San Francisco, in "The Conflict," a drama by Maurice V. Samuels. It is founded upon Balzac's "La Peau de Chagrin."

In the Musical World

Miramar, August 29.

A soporific week—little doing, less to write about, and laziness over all.

It "minds" me with envy of that dear old wonderful George Augustus Sala, who, lacking a subject, and given a single inconsequential word, would weave around it in the most charming and potential fashion his daily column and a half of fact, fad and fancy which for unnumbered years formed one of the most fascinating features of the London Daily Telegraph's editorial page.

But why lament? We are what we are; and, if we cannot do what we would, we can at least do that which we may as well as in us lies.

A single word occurs to me, if that will help, but one can hardly call it inconsequential—Behymer. And it may serve some measure of good purpose if we do a little conning of his plans for the winter campaign.

First of all, it seems that our reigning impresario has decreed that the choral status quo shall be preserved until the precise psychological moment shall arrive for a successful coup and an assured artistic future.

It is, of course, to be regretted that another season may possibly have to pass ere the existing rivalries shall merge into a powerful and enthusiastic homogeneity. But delay of this sort is not all loss, by any means. To force the issue just now were only to mobilize an army of unattached malcontents who are very far from seeing any particular sense or justice in sacrificing their own favorite director and their own essential enjoyment to a pre-supposed betterment—a betterment which may be but a capful of wind, after all.

Besides, Mr. Jahn and Mr. Barnhart have unquestionably some claims that you and I have no more right to jump, even if we could, than we have to jump a mining claim. True, I sat in kindly judgment on some of their public manifestations; but it is one thing to say that a man does not do all things

well and quite another to insist that he shall not be permitted to do anything at all.

So, I think all is well, and I am in full sympathy with the policy which permits us to rest on our oars while the boats glide smoothly into the sheltered harbor of Opportuneness, with the rocks of financial loss and the snags of rivalry and criticism no more in remembrance.

This does not mean, of course, that all projected presentations must of necessity reach consummation. I, indeed, account this as hardly possible. But, in any event, it is by far for the best that events shall be allowed to shape the future by natural development rather than by force.

Mr. Jahn, for his part, announces that the Los Angeles Choral Association is to be reduced to one hundred voices, and, with this smaller body, is to be given "The Messiah" and "The Redemption," Eastern singers of celebrity being engaged for the solo parts.

Mr. Barnhart, too, while not putting away any of his three hundred or more faithful followers, will inaugurate an era of reduction by allowing only a selected two hundred to appear in the performances. The rest are to attend all but the later rehearsals and then sit on the anxious probationary seat until such time as they shall be called on to fill a vacated place at the upper table. An excellent plan.

Nor is this all. The well-intentioned amateur orchestra is to give place to experienced professional players—as, unquestionably, should have been done at the first. The most grievous sin of all was that amateurs should have been suffered to attempt the interpretation of the greater works; and, now that this wrong-doing is to be numbered with the past, there remains only one moot point for the future to grapple with.

"The Messiah" with Charlotte Maconda, George Hamlin and Julian Walker on Thursday, December 28, and some other great work in March are the two appearances promised so far.

Thus, the mixed choral outlook is distinctly more healthy than might fairly have been hoped for, and for this the honest, outspoken criticism of the press is, unquestionably, largely responsible.

And, if everything is not yet all it should be, there is at least good cause for thankfulness that the public has been awakened to a full sense of the shortcomings of the past and, with this awakening, to a stern determination that the musical destinies of so great a city as Los Angeles already is shall be in the hands of a universally recognized all round musician of wide experience and thorough equipment.

The time has surely gone by when we can afford to have the finger of scornful reproach wagged at us by hundreds of little cities—small communities, which, in all other regards, are to Los Angeles as Podunk is to Pittsburg.

The managerial announcements with respect to the Symphony Orchestra are also full of distinct promise. It is stated that the financial problem is no longer either a source of anxiety to the treasurer or an impediment to important and attractive engagements.

Mr. Hamilton's Eastern visit for the purpose of conference with well-known orchestral directors should be productive of excellent results in the

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choice of works for presentation during the coming season.

It will, doubtless, conserve greatly toward the consummation of Mr. Behymer's plans if intending new subscribers would as soon as convenient send in their names to the Mason Opera House office.

I see that Mr. Wrightson has quite a program mapped out for his festival week at Venice.

The repetition of "St. Paul" on Sunday evening; grand opera excerpts in costume on Monday evening; Alberto Jonas, the Spanish pianist, and his wife, Elsa von Grave-Jonas, on Tuesday; Max Heinrich and Miss Lydia Gross in song recital on Wednesday; a miscellaneous ballad concert on Thursday and a Dobinson dramatic evening on Friday certainly constitute a variable and entertaining week.

Mr. Jonas is an exceptional find, and Mr. Wrightson is fortunate in catching him on the wing. He has been director of the Michigan Conservatory of Music in Detroit for some time, but has determined for the future to make his home in Paris.

Sheriff Carey of Milwaukee is either a budding Munchausen or he has made a notable discovery—a discovery which presents more celling possibilities than at first sight appears.

He has transformed the usual Sunday evening service into an orchestral affair—whether with or without sermon I know not—and, as a consequence, thirteen prisoners have pleaded guilty (despite their attorneys' advice) and saved thirteen consciences and \$3000 jury costs.

Now, I have heard some orchestras that I think might be put on special duty of this kind—and never let out. That's one good celling proposition. Then there's another. Why draw the line at the fiddler folk? Think of the voices that might be doing double duty—inciting the guilty to 'fess up and give poor outside suffering humanity a long longed-for rest.

And I know a pianist or two, and scores of phonographists, and a tribe of St. Vitus Dance mandolin pickers, and a few rag-time pianolaists, some amateur flautists and cornettists, a million or so of inopportune whistlers, pecks of street-car talkists—I've got 'em all on the list, and if Sheriff Carey, or some other public benefactor of like occupation, will entice them cellward and turn an everlasting key we will all stand and sing a large Te Deum, fortissimo ed accelerando.

Yesterday I attended a charming afternoon affair at the lovely country home of Mrs. Sawyer of Highland Park (Chicago), and, to my delight, met an old Denver friend in the person of Miss Hattie Louise Sims, who, to her celebrity as the director of the Tuesday Musical and leading woman teacher of the Queen City of the Plains has lately added the distinction of being the writer of "Sweetheart, My Song is Come"—the daintiest little gem of recent years and one which has met with enormous and deserved success.

Miss Sims has been at the Potter for the last month with Mr. and Mrs. Knott. Mrs. Knott, as Isabel Hill, was one of the intellectual musicianly girls for whom I entertained such sincere admiration and friendship.

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tors are Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shannon, Mrs. Winston, Miss Jennie Winston, Miss Genevieve Winston Wilson, Mr. Chas. Cassat Davis and Mr. and Mrs. R. Heber Shoemaker.

Alack and Alas! With Sunday afternoon there must come a termination of this delightful holiday.

Ah, Miramar, almost thou persuadest me to be a Miramarian! Of the fascination of this loveliest of spots it were impossible to write without danger of seeming exaggeration.

But I can at least say out of sheer thankfulness that for its native beauty, for the atmosphere of a real home through the loveableness and strength of its founder and maker, Mrs. Doulton, and for the warm friendships formed and cemented in an all too brief month I shall ever bear in my heart a cherished memory of Miramar and all its people.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

The pupils of S. Wesley Martin gave an interesting song recital last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. John Wigmore, 949 West Adams street.

Paul De Longpre was the recipient of a graceful compliment at the hands of the Italian Band at the Chutes last Sunday afternoon. As Mr. De Longpre entered the park the band played the French national hymn, and at the afternoon and evening concerts played one of his new musical pieces, which was a great success, being the only number on the program that had to be repeated. Mr. De Longpre's new composition, "The Tie-Tack of the Mill," will be published in New York this fall.

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W. C. PATTERSON,
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G. E. BITTINGER,
Cashier

Financial

Seth A. Keeney has been elected a director of the First National Bank of Santa Barbara, succeeding H. C. Thompson, deceased.

The Tonopah Bank has absorbed the banking institution of John S. Cook & Co. of Las Vegas, Nev.

The Farmers & Merchants Bank of Redondo has reincorporated with an increased capital stock of \$50,000. The People's Savings Bank of Redondo has also been incorporated with capital \$25,000. J. A. Graves, president, F. H. Seymour, vice-president, Alfred Klein, cashier.

W. F. Holt has purchased the interest of F. C. Paulin in the Imperial Valley Bank at Brawley. It is understood that no change is to be made in the working force.

W. R. Barnes has been elected a director in the Union Savings Bank of Pasadena.

S. G. Thorpe, representing the Broadway Bank & Trust Company of Los Angeles, has been in Avalon making inquiries relative to the establishment of a bank. Another party headed by J. C. Cline, collector of customs, and C. T. Howland, president of the San Clemente Wool Co., is investigating in Avalon with the same object in view.

Architect Thomas Nixon of Santa Barbara is preparing plans for a new bank building of the Lompoc Valley Bank of Lompoc.

The State Loan and Investment Company has incorporated. Directors: Donald Barker, G. R. Horton, E. K. Potter, A. R. Field, Frank Buren of Los Angeles. Capital stock \$100,000, with \$25,000 subscribed.

N. W. Stowell has resigned as a director of the Farmers & Merchants' National Bank and D. Hamburger of A. Hamburger & Sons has been elected in his stead.

Bonds

Santa Monica trustees are considering holding a bond election to provide funds for various improvements.

Monrovia votes October 10 on an issue of \$8000 bonds for improving public buildings.

The Adams Phillips Company has bought the \$12,000 bond issue of the Palomares School District paying \$704 premium.

The stockholders of the Alhambra Home Telephone Company meet October 31 to vote on a \$50,000 bond issue.

A \$10,000 bond issue to improve the pier is proposed at Long Beach.

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The bonds of the Redondo Union High School, amounting to \$25,000, will be sold by the Supervisors of Los Angeles County on September 11th.

The stockholders of Water Co. No. 5 of Brawley have declined to sanction an issue of \$100,000 bonds.

North Pasadena will soon vote on a \$25,000 bond issue. A fire department is wanted.

San Bernardino is discussing a \$100,000 bond issue, the money to be used for streets and bridges.

Corona wants a new city hall to cost \$10,000 and a bond issue is proposed.

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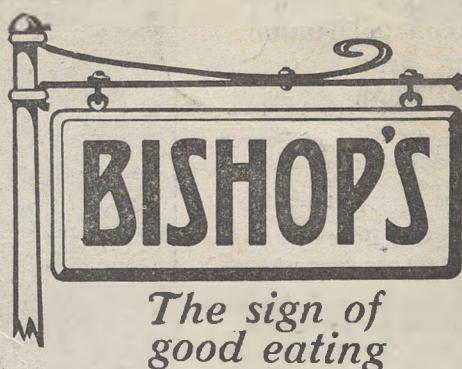
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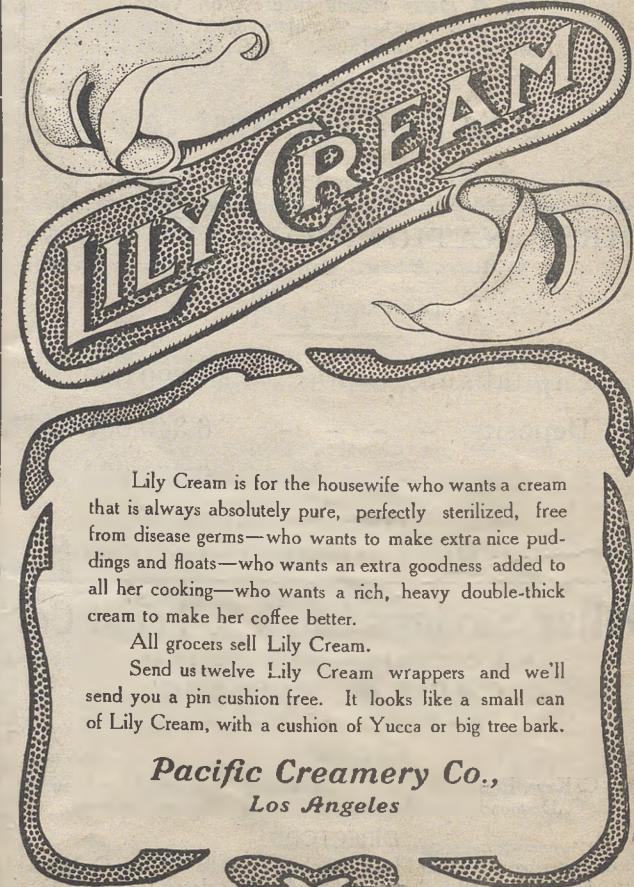
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